

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 342 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. IV.—NO. 36.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 192.

## The Principles of Nature.

AN INTERESTING NIGHT WITH THE SPIRITS.  
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1855.

In pursuance of solicitations on the part of many distinguished citizens of New York and its vicinity, that an opportunity might be afforded them to be present at a circle for spiritual manifestations, I invited several of them to my house, for that purpose. The Davenport Family (mediums for physical manifestations), who have recently arrived in this city from Buffalo, were present on that occasion. About thirty of those invited were present, representing the most diverse religious beliefs, all or nearly all of them being skeptical as to the possibility of Spirits being able to produce external manifestations. So great was the diversity of their opinions, and so strong were the prejudices of the parties, that it was remarked by one of the company, that had they believed it possible for the Spirits to produce the phenomena they had witnessed, they should not have expected them to take place in so heterogeneous a circle as was there present.

About eight o'clock in the evening, the company seated themselves around a long dining-table, which stood lengthwise in a room about twenty by twenty-five feet, and sat half an hour or more, during which time no manifestations occurred. Persons who had been invited, continued to arrive up to nine o'clock, at which time the company numbered about thirty individuals. This number was more than could sit around the table, and so all moved back to the wall, forming a line extending round the room. The extension-table was then closed, so as to bring it into a circular form of about four feet in diameter. The two sons of Mr. Davenport, of about twelve and fourteen years of age, sat opposite each other at this table, which stood in the center of the room.

Among the articles in the room, were mirrors, a clock, a chandelier with glass globes, pictures, and other things easily broken. Upon the table were placed a tambourine, a guitar, a banjo, a speaking trumpet, etc. The Spirits first manifested their presence by rapping in the usual way, and spelled, by the alphabet. "Put out the lights." Accordingly the gas was turned off, rendering the room quite dark. Very soon the stringed instruments began to move, the keys were turned as if they were being tuned, and the strings were thrummed and made to vibrate and give forth sounds. Soon these instruments were raised up and made to float about the room, while the playing upon them continued. Their position as they moved about could easily be determined by the sounds proceeding from them. Sometimes they passed completely around the room, over the heads of the entire company, occasionally touching the ceiling in their passage, now and then gliding across the laps of all, or nearly all present, so that one after another would say, "It is in my lap," another, "Now it is in mine," "Now it is passing me," etc. The instruments were sometimes conveyed around the room with such rapidity as to produce strong currents of air, which were distinctly felt, and which, as well as the sounds and touches, enabled us to determine the position of the instruments. One after another in the company exclaimed, "It has passed me," "I feel the current of air," etc. One gentleman, being very skeptical, and desiring to be fully satisfied that no person in the room was carrying the instrument about, or producing the phenomena, sat a short distance from the table at which the boys were seated, and held out his foot, as he afterwards said, sometimes touching the table, and sometimes approaching it within a few inches thus to intercept the movements of any person who might be engaged in passing the instrument around the room. No person in the material form could have conveyed the instruments where they actually were passed, without coming in contact with his foot. Not only did the instruments pass between him and the table, but frequently over his head, and occasionally tapping it—proving to him that the agent of the movement was not a being in material form. One of the clergymen observed that if they were carried about by the boys, they must be able to fly with the speed of lightning.

Lights were produced in different parts of the room; but more especially were they seen near one end of it, exhibiting a shooting, oscillating, and circuitous motion, and sometimes moving with great rapidity. A distinguished chemist present remarked that they were no ordinary lights, and that they could not be accounted for by any known science. A rattling noise was heard to proceed from the vicinity of the chandelier, and presently a lady at the extreme end of the room said, "They have put something in my lap, which has the appearance of a chain." A rustling of paper was then heard, together with sounds like those produced by writing with a pencil. Immediately after this the paper was observed by its rustling to pass some six or eight feet, and was placed in the hand of a gentleman, who held it until a light was struck. The Spirits then called for a light, and their request was complied with, when the gentleman to whom the paper was handed read the following, which had been written upon it: "I would like to have Miss Jay attend our circle to-morrow." From these circumstances it seems reasonable to infer that it was the writing of this communication that was heard, as described above. These words appeared to have been written with a red pencil.

The article placed in the ladies' lap, as above mentioned, was found to be one of the chains belonging to the chandelier, which had been unhooked at each end—a thing which it would have been almost impossible for a human being to do in the dark, as the lower end of the chandelier was about as high as a person could reach, while its upper end must have been about three feet above that; so that it would have been difficult for a person to reach the upper end of the chain, even by standing upon the table. This occurrence seemed to determine, in some minds, the character of the Spirits manifesting themselves on that occasion. A distinguished clergyman who sat near the lady in whose lap the chain was placed, remarked, "The Spirits are honest, for if they were not, instead of unhooking the chain, they would have hooked it."

The party now engaged in a general conversation relative to the phenomena they had witnessed. Many of them changed their seats during this intermission, and retained their new positions during the remainder of the sitting. After ten or fifteen minutes had been thus spent, at the suggestion of some one present the gas was again turned off, when most of the manifestations before described were repeated; and to these were added touches by an invisible hand, which we felt on different parts of our persons. This hand grasped the hands of several persons present. It appeared like a human hand. It grasped my own hand several times, and it felt as natural as though it had been the hand of a person in the physical form, except that it was cold, clammy and death-like. The musical instruments were placed in the laps and hands of different persons, my own among the number, and were played upon during the time. This was repeatedly done. In some cases they were placed in the hands or laps of persons in compliance with their mental request, as they affirmed.

The tambourine was taken up, carried around the room, and beaten upon in a manner similar to that in which the minstrels in our city play upon that instrument, although in this case with less skill than is exhibited by them. A noise like that produced by the clapping of hands was heard in different parts of the room, generally near the ceiling. The invisible intelligence said to us it would turn on the gas, which was immediately done, filling the room, to the great annoyance of all present. I left my seat and examined the chandelier, and found that the gas was actually turned on. The Spirits took hold of my coat and pulled me back, as I suppose, for the purpose of giving me more unmistakable evidence of their presence. I, however, turned off the gas and took my seat.

The large table at which the boys were seated was distinctly heard to move entirely away from them to the side of the room, and it pressed against the persons sitting there, as they affirmed. Mr. Ellinwood, a photographic reporter who had been invited to take notes of whatever communication the Spirits might give, was seated near one end of the room some ten feet from the table, holding in his hand three pencils. One of them was selected and snatched away from him with such precision and dexterity as to render it very evident that the power which removed it could plainly see the pencils and other surrounding objects, in this totally dark room. Presently the rustling of paper was heard, and scratches, as though some one were writing upon it with a pencil. When the sound of writing ceased, the pencil was placed in its owner's hand no less dexterously than it had been taken away. In accordance with the request of the Spirits, the gas was then lit, when it was found that the following had been written, apparently with the same black-lead pencil: "I would like to have Miss Jay go at one o'clock?"

Miss Jay then stated that she had made a mental request that the Spirits should tell at what time they wished her to go to the circle the next day, and this was their answer. The boys could not have done this writing, for they had no table upon which to rest the paper, neither were they near the place where the sound located the paper and writing, as were shown by their conversations. During the time these phenomena were taking place, the tambourine and other instruments were sounded, sometimes in response to questions asked by different persons as to their position, etc. In pursuance of requests made by persons present, the boys talked between themselves, and some of the time they were counting or repeating the alphabet. This was done to satisfy those present that they did not move from their seats, nor in any visible or conscious way assist in producing the phenomena. I invited an examination of the table, the room, and everything in it. Neither of the boys nor any of the Davenport family had ever been in the house before, which fact seemed to render the manifestations more satisfactory to those disposed to attribute these phenomena to trick and deception.

Before the gas was lit, the Spirits, through the raps, and by means of the alphabet, requested us to retire. It was finally suggested by one of the company that all should retire except the two boys, and two of the clergymen present, which was done. In a short time these clergymen joined the party, and stated that they, with the two boys, sat around the table, all of them taking hold of hands, so that each of the hands of the boys was firmly held by them; and they declared that while sitting thus, the guitar was taken up, laid across their arms and played upon.

It may be queried by the reader, as it was by some of the parties present on this occasion, "Why is it that these things are not done in the light?" I will here answer as I did then. First, I do not absolutely know. Secondly, I believe there is a scientific truth in what the Spirits said to me in reply to a similar question at Mr. Koons' rooms in Ohio, where similar manifestations occur. As I understood their reply, they said, in substance, that the elements composing the physical human form become, after death, dissolved and diffused in the earth and atmosphere, and that the light of the sun (and in a degree artificial light or heat), produce a constant movement or trembling of these elements in the atmosphere, which motion renders them difficult of control by Spirits; but that in the night, or in a dark room, these elements seem to settle down and assume apparent rest, and in this condition Spirits are enabled to attract and control them, and construct them into visible, tangible human forms, which the Spirit permeates and controls as fully, and with the same facility as our Spirits control our physical forms. This shows why apparitions are seldom, if ever, seen except in the night or at twilight. This fact does not signify that our Spirit-friends are not near us, and as cognizant of our secret thoughts and actions in the daytime as in the night, but simply that darkness produces conditions favorable for their reorganization in physical human forms. I have, however, seen and handled these forms in bright candle-light, which proves that under the most favorable conditions Spirits can and do control these elements, and reconstruct the physical human body in the light.

This answer suggests another question: "Why, if these organizations are constructed of the same elements which compose our physical bodies, do they not remain and become subject to the slow process of decomposition?" Although my views may not be considered orthodox by the devotees to earthly wisdom and popular sciences, I answer as follows: Spirit organizations are not created by the natural law of accretion by which our earthly bodies are formed, but by virtue of Spirit-will-power, intensified with a realizing sense of immortality and the importance of its demonstration to mortals. Consequently, when the purposes of such organizations are accomplished, the intensity of will-power relaxes, and these elements again yield to the tremendous disintegrating power everywhere manifest in the universe, which resolves them into their original diffused condition in the atmosphere. This may throw some light upon those passages of Scripture which are understood by some to indicate a literal resurrection of the body; for although "flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God," still the relations of Spirit to matter are so far preserved as to enable the former, under suitable conditions, to control the latter in the production of a form suitable to give it tangibility to the natural senses of men.

Physical manifestations and organizations are but one phase of spiritual phenomena; and I should be sorry to have any person rest their faith of so important a fact upon this or any other one phase of the manifestations. I am willing that every person shall resist the spiritual claims of these wonders until such facts shall be presented as require them to deny the evidences of their natural senses, or accept the spiritual hypothesis.

I am sorry to learn that some of the persons who attended the meeting at my house, have reported that certain distinguished clergymen present expressed the belief that the phenomena were produced by Spirits; inasmuch as I understood them only to say that they did not think these things were produced by trick or collusion.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

## SOUL WAK'NG.

TO S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—After relating, in presence of a company of friends, a portion of my earlier experience of Spiritual Manifestations in the form of a remarkable vision, which occurred to me some eighteen years since, you solicited a record of the same for publication. I now proceed to comply with your request; but before beginning the narrative, allow me to preface it with a few remarks on the utility of personal experiences in general.

Although the experience of no one person can be identical with that of any other person, and, therefore, can never serve as a guide for another, yet there is a grand point or principle involved in the spiritual experience of every individual, which commands even its simplest narrative to the attention of all earnest minds. That point or principle is, the revelation of a higher life to the individual consciousness. Each new narrative goes to swell the "cloud of witnesses" who testify of this most momentous fact in the career of human development, and adds another member to the vast communion of that higher life.

Without this personal revelation, it is impossible for any one to come forth from the darkness and dominion of mere sensuous existence into the light and liberty of true life; because sensuous existence, in whole or in part, is but an inverse reflection of the true or spiritual life. It is well known how grossly we are misled by the senses in relation to planetary motion—the merely sensuous conception being the exact reverse of the truth—as in the relative movement of our earth and the sun. So, also, in relation to all truth, the sensuous person occupies an inverted position. All his maxims, morals, and principles of action are but so many inverse reflections of truth. Tell the merely sensuous man of the blessedness to be experienced from a frank forgiveness of some offender who has done him a gross injury, and he will treat your suggestions with incredulity, if not contempt; because he has never been a conscious recipient of the spirit of forgiveness—which is mercy, clemency, goodness—the all-prevailing spirit of the universe—the spirit of God. And because he has not been conscious of the existence of such a spirit, he has not yet "entered into life," but has been tarrying in its outer courts, the senses. He finds delight in re-

venge rather than in forgiveness; and, in every other action, his mode of procedure is alike inverted.

But, with a revelation of spiritual existence, we may make our exodus from this worse than Egyptian bondage, and enter into the true life—not in a moment, as is imagined by a sensuous theology—but gradually, through many successive stages, marked by all the vicissitudes which lie between birth and maturity. The spiritual man must also pass through the stages of infancy, childhood, and adolescence, to complete manhood; and in his progress he must encounter the severest conflicts, for the sensuous will not accept the rule of the spiritual, without rebellion and a terrible strife. Without such conflicts, the full powers of genuine manhood are not evoked, and can not be called into active exercise. Without them we can not be free. The field of these conflicts lies between the present race of professing Christians and that eternal rest, concerning which they have hitherto had but the most fantastic dreams—a field wherein they will be thoroughly purified from all aspirations after indolent ease, whether in this world or any other, as constituting the basis of heavenly joys.

Knowing, then, as I do, that the Spiritual Manifestations of our day are thus opening up the way from a false to a true life, I most cheerfully cast into the common treasury of evidence upon this subject the following relation of facts:

### A VISION.

Eighteen years ago, having attained the age of thirty-two, without any definite faith in the immortality of man, I became the subject of a memorable vision, which brought the evidence of spiritual existence home to my most external senses. The vision occurred while I was thoroughly awake, and was of full five hours' duration, commencing about eleven o'clock at night, and continuing till nearly daylight the next morning.

On the night of the vision, I had just retired to bed, in ordinary health, after having performed a full day's work at my usual occupation, when I commenced reviewing my previous course of life—the frequent journeys I had performed in moving from place to place; and suggesting to myself the propriety of becoming settled somewhere, and establishing myself in a permanent home. Pursuing this train of thought, I was surprised to hear the suggestions of my mind correctly replied to in a distinct and audible voice, as if by a person standing near my bed. Without the least emotion of alarm at such a novel occurrence, I continued to make further suggestions and inquiries, to each of which I received satisfactory responses in an audible, friendly, and even affectionate tone of voice. I was convinced that the voice was a spiritual one, but it did not once occur to me to associate its tone and accent with any person, either living or dead, whom I had ever known. The apparently disinterested friendship and superior intelligence displayed in the replies, inspired me with the utmost confidence, and determined me to seek to learn something from my unseen instructor. Accordingly, after a series of questions and answers, I asked if the Christian religion was true? This question seemed to grieve my invisible friend, and cause him to withdraw his presence without deigning a reply. I reflected that I should have known that the Christian religion was true, without asking, because I could see its peaceful fruits in the lives of some of my friends, and could contrast them with the discordant results of atheism in others of my acquaintance; and I concluded within myself that the Christian religion is true. My unseen friend then returned, and my mind recurring to the various religious sects and creeds, I asked, "What does the Christian religion teach?" The reply was, "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." I recollected to have heard these words preached from, and to have read them myself, and they seemed very just and true; but now their significance had a fullness and power that I had never known. I can express their effect upon me only by saying that I was filled full of a sense of their omnipotent power. In this frame of mind I remained some time in reverential awe before the contemplation of what I had heard, when at length I perceived a sensation as of Elysium, spreading over and pervading every fiber of my system, and at the same time heard other voices, as if a company of persons approached. I soon recognized the familiar tone and accent of my deceased mother and several others of my departed relatives and friends, as well as some who were still living in this world. They addressed me, one at a time, and each in a cheering and consoling manner. Among them were a brother and sister, who died in infancy; these had the prattling, pretty, lisping speech of children, and were gently striving with each other as to which should speak first to me; and while the sweet strife continued, little Mary said, "Do let me sing to him the song of Love Divine." After each one of the company had given some kind message, they retired. I seemed to be left alone, when a voice different from any of the others, inquired if I would like to have a view of heaven? I assented, and, looking forward, I beheld as it were a curtain drawn aside, and before me was a sort of amphitheater, of indefinite extent, and a multitude of people with happy, shining faces, some sitting and some standing, but all looking toward me. They seemed to have just concluded some musical performance, and were about to retire when they beheld me; and, after a moment's silent contemplation, many voices in the assembly cried out, "Keep him! keep him!" and the scene instantly closed.

While contemplating what had just passed, I heard a voice saying, "You will now behold the bottomless pit;" and suddenly I was enveloped in thickest darkness, and the bed on which I

lay seemed to be sinking. At the first, I had the consciousness of being attended by a friendly guide, but as I descended I felt myself alone, and an emotion of horror seized me, such as can not be described. Hideous forms of wild beasts and reptiles appeared on the sides of the dark abyss, and I cried out in supplication for delivery. Still I descended, until below me I saw dense clouds of smoke, with their black edges illumined by a glare of livid light, and from beneath I heard voices of angry railing and vituperation, the tones and accents of which were familiar to my ear, as belonging to unhappy persons whom I had formerly known. At this point, my horror becoming so intense, I sprang from the bed, and fell prostrate upon my face on the floor, crying aloud, in an agony of despair, "How shall I escape this torment?" In an instant there appeared before me a luminous cross, with a death-head and cross-bones at the foot of it, causing me to suddenly spring upon my feet, and to exclaim, "Death and the Resurrection!" which I understood as a response to my despairing cry.

At this moment, a friend occupying an adjoining room, who had listened for some time to my distress, came in with a light, and the scenes of that memorable night were ended. During the whole of the vision, I was conscious of being in my own room, and of all external objects. My outward senses were in the fullest activity. I was not startled or aroused by the approach of my friend, for his first tap at the door was as well understood as if I had been expecting his arrival.

This was the commencement of my experience in spiritual manifestations, eighteen years ago. Since that time they have been frequent and varied in aspect, so that the recent spiritual phenomena throughout the country failed to excite either alarm or incredulity in my mind, as they have done and are doing to many good people, and especially those in good standing in our churches. As to what I believe to be the significance of the vision, you have it briefly stated in the foregoing preface remarks. The two opposite scenes of the vision represent the two conflicting phases of life—the first, the internal or spiritual; the second, the external or sensual. And I would here add, in conclusion, that those who have experienced no conflict between these two aspects of life, have not yet entered upon the career of progress toward a state of everlasting rest; and all I have to say to such in this connection is, may the Spirits rap, and write, and otherwise move them, until they awake and begin the work.

Your friend,

JOHN WHITE.

## IMMORTALITY.

BY J. BAKER.

THAT man has the germs of immortality in him, that this is written upon his physical constitution, and that his elements and powers of life will arise to a spiritual state with enlarged and far-reaching faculties when the material body falls to dust, are ideas almost universal, and are especially sacred to all Christians, though various denominations differ about this immortal creature's destiny. Still it is true that there are many vigorous, inquiring minds who doubt the truth of such doctrines, and a few who absolutely deny a future state altogether, though they would fain be convinced such ideas are true, for the mind recoils at the thought of annihilation. Men demand proof, however, of a future state, drawn from the constitution of Man, and the powers of his being; and they urge, what is evident enough, that if there be such an immortal life in humanity, its latent and dawning powers could be traced even in the present existence. The immortal being can surely carry from the body no more than was in it at the hour of dissolution. If the spirit's immortality involves a new creation, the old being will have been annihilated, and the identity changed; but if what is now within us be immortal, then a future life is the development and perfection of what is now possessed.

They next inquire, if the spiritual man arises simply as it leaves the body, how can it exist or receive ideas in this new life without the aid of material organs? Here is the strong objection against such an existence, and one which old-school metaphysicians have never met. It is founded on the well-known fact that the decay or premature destruction of the bodily organs by which the mind receives impressions, is death to its sensations. Let, for instance, the eye become blind, which is death to one of the senses, and the mind—the immortality—can no longer see, but is shut up in a perpetual dungeon. An injury to the organs of hearing may forever shut out all the music of Nature, cut off the nerves which carry the sensations of feeling, taste, and smelling to the brain, and these faculties seem to be annihilated. By such means, all the avenues to the spirit could be closed, and it could never have a sensation, or acquire a new idea. All these organs and nerves are left behind, cut off at once, by death. How, then, can the soul exist? or if it could, what would that existence be without the power of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, or smelling? The spirit, they affirm, has no such power now; hence, could carry no such power with it when it leaves the body; and such an existence would be a curse!

This iron objection is fully met and answered by the well-known phenomena of clairvoyance—facts so well known and generally admitted by candid observers, that particular cases need not be referred to by way of proof. The writer has often seen subjects in this state; the eyes closed and closely bandaged, the ears insensible to the loudest sounds, and the limbs cold and so dead that they may be cut or burned without sensation. External feeling is for the time being dead. Now the soul rises in the exercise of its nobler powers. Its latent energies are



## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1886.

## Notice to Correspondents.

DURING the editor's absence, all persons who may be pleased to forward communications for the columns of this paper, as well as those who have occasion to write on business connected with the establishment, should be careful to address Charles Partridge, Partridge and Brittan, or SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH; or otherwise their requests may not be promptly attended to. All letters addressed to S. B. Brittan will be regarded as private, and remain unopened until his return.

## THE DAVENPORT MEDIUMS.

MR. DAVENPORT and wife, and their two sons, aged about fourteen and sixteen years, have been in New York about one week at the time of the present writing. They have given our citizens several opportunities to witness the phenomena which occur in their presence. I have been present at three of their sittings, one of which was held at my house, and an account of it I have given on the first page of this paper.

The first opportunity I had to witness any remarkable occurrence in the presence of this family, was in the month of June last, and on the occasion of their first exhibition in their public room in Buffalo. At that time the room was darkened, and chairs, tables, musical instruments, and other ponderable objects were moved about the room with frightful rapidity. The two boys were, to appearance, repeatedly taken up to the ceiling and let down to within three or four feet of the floor, then dropped heavily, making considerable jar and noise. I heard a whistling noise pass rapidly round the room, and occasionally a voice speaking in a somewhat unearthly tone. The circumstances under which these phenomena occurred were evidences to my senses that they were produced by ultra-mundane agents or Spirits.

I was next present at the opening of their present rooms in this city, No. 195 Bowery. On that occasion the room was darkened, and musical instruments were passed round, being thrummed during their passage; and phenomena occurred similar to those which transpired at my house.

I met Mr. Davenport, his two sons, and Mr. Coles at their rooms yesterday morning, December 28. Dr. Gardner, of Boston, and J. W. Taylor of Indiana, were also present on the occasion. I went there for the purpose of trying an experiment with a weak solution of phosphorus, gum, etc. I requested the Spirits, after forming their hands (if they did so) to saturate them with this solution that we might be able to see them in the dark by the phosphorescent glow which this solution would emit. To some extent this was done, but it was not entirely satisfactory. They seemed to be afraid of it, and I leave further explanations till it is more successfully exhibited.

All the persons except the two boys sat at the side of the room, and joined hands, while the boys sat at the table in the center of the room, talking, whistling and singing, in order to locate their position, which were constantly at the table. Under these conditions, manifestations went on, the instruments were passed around the room, thrumming during the time. A long, cold, clammy hand grasped my own several times, and twitched away suddenly. Sometimes it remained long enough to permit me to grasp it and distinctly feel its formation. I requested that this hand might remain in my own a sufficient length of time for me with my other hand to trace the arm to a body, or until I should perceive where the corporeal organization ceased; but instead of this, the hand was suddenly slapped in mine, and a form sat down close by my side. I put out my hand, and distinctly felt the form of a person, my hand apparently coming in contact with the breast; but the form vanished from me as suddenly as it came. I do not believe it was any person in the flesh. It felt unearthly, and no person with natural eyes only to guide them, could have found my hand and grasped it with such precision, and sat by my side and move so suddenly away, without fumbling or jostling against me. Besides, I called to the boys at the instant, and the evidences of my senses located them both in their seats. This I particularly noticed at the time. Moreover, there was no noise like that which a person in the corporeal form would make in passing round a room. We lit the gas, and found nothing to indicate that the boys had moved from their seats.

Our next experiment was to tie these boys to their chairs, at the same time tying their hands and legs together, and their legs to the table. After we had done this, all the other persons in the room took seats away from the tables on the side of the room, holding each others' hands. The lights were then extinguished; and now the instruments passed round the room, thrumming as before described. The tambourine was played, and the trumpet spoken through; and once or twice the trumpet was presented to my face or ear, and a strange voice spoke to me. Spirit hands were seen to pass rapidly round the room, sometimes near the ceiling, by the phosphorescent emanations from the solution which had slightly adhered to their fingers.

After witnessing these phenomena, it was proposed that Dr. Gardner should go to one end of the room and myself to the opposite, while the other persons kept their seats, holding each other's hands. This being done, I called to Dr. G. to know if he had his position; he answered "Yes," and immediately a sound was heard like a heavy blow, simultaneously with the tipping over of a chair. The Doctor called out for a light, saying that he was hurt. The gas was lit; his nose was bleeding; the men were in their places, and the boys in theirs, except that the chair of one of the boys had been upset, and some of the ropes with which he had tied him were unloosed or broken. His leg, however, was still tied to the table, and at a distance from Dr. G. entirely impossible for him by any means, with the instruments extended at arm's length even, to have reached. Dr. Gardner suspected the boy of striking the blow; but it was evident that if his leg was tied, he could not have done it; and there appeared to be some difference of opinion as to the possibility or probability of the boy freeing himself from the cords with which he was tied, and striking the blow, and then returning to his position and succeed in tying his leg to the table, before we could light a match. While I do not question the power of Spirits to have done this, I had hoped none were so violent or reckless. Yet as I believe Spirits are only men, women, and children, void of corporeal form, and as people in the form who would do such things are becoming Spirits every day, all these facts and circumstances, taken together with what I know of the boy, render it more probable that this was a striking spiritual manifestation, than that the boy was acting the rogue.

To satisfy ourselves whether the phenomena witnessed were really performed by Spirits or mortals, all left the room, except Dr. Gardner, the two boys and myself, and I locked all the doors. We all sat round the table on which were the musical instruments and speaking trumpet. All hands were placed on the table, and joined; the lights were extinguished; the Doctor and myself held the boy's hands firmly all the time the following manifestations were going on: The trumpet was taken up, and a voice through it said, "I didn't mean to do it, Doctor; I wish you would excuse me." Dr. G. asked, How happened it? Answer through the trumpet, "It was an accident." Dr. Gardner, "Who did it?" The Spirit calling himself King now claimed to speak, and said through the trumpet, "Mike did it—the same Spirit that has accidentally hit other persons." We asked, whether they made use of the boy to do it? Answer, "Partly; but he is not conscious of it." They said he did not, however, leave his seat.

The several instruments were then successively taken up, laid across our arms, and played on. A bell was taken up, carried round our little circle, and dropped on the floor, three or four feet from us. The trumpet was taken up, passed over my head and shoulders, down my back, and up again, touching my person all the while. The end of the trumpet was placed against my head, the rim of it surrounding my ear; and in this way a voice out of heaven, as it were, spoke to me. Dr. G. says the trumpet, or other instrument, was passed over his head and shoulders, and about his person, in a similar manner; and we know that none of our hands were at liberty during any moment of the time. This experiment determined positively that ultramundane organized intelligences were about us.

Councilman Kerrigan, with his "staff," had, as it seems by an article in the New York Tribune, attended several of the exhibitions by the Davenport family at their rooms, and had become quite suspicious that the phenomena were the result of deception; and on Thursday afternoon they secreted and took dark lanterns into the room, and when the instruments were passing round the room, they brought these lanterns into requisition. The instruments, it is said, fell in different parts of the room, and some persons say one of the boys was seen standing near his chair. Considerable confusion ensued. Kerrigan insisted that Mr. Davenport and his boys should accompany him to the Police Court, which they did; but after they got there, Kerrigan could not or would not, I am told, make a complaint. He asked that the money which he and his company paid for admittance, should be refunded, which was done. These gentlemen were then persuaded to return with the Davenports and institute some further investigations. They locked themselves into the room with the boys, and held their hands in the same manner as Dr. G. and myself, as before described, and phenomena similar to those we witnessed transpired. I am informed that these gentlemen affirmed that the boys could not have produced them, and thus ended this farcical display of police authority.

If Spirits of departed human beings do exist, and are enabled to re-construct the corporeal human form, it is not surprising that they should sometimes be taken for persons who have never cast off the earthly form. Neither is it strange that people who go to spiritual circles expecting to discover some art or legerdemain, should hallucinate themselves with the idea that they had seen something of the kind; but by a more candid and thorough examination, they will come to the knowledge of the truth.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

## TIFFANY'S MONTHLY.

The subscriber will publish a Monthly, devoted to the investigation of the Philosophy of Mind in its being, action and manifestation in every plane of development, including the Philosophy of Spiritual Manifestations.

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To be published at the office of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, New York. Each number to contain ninety-six octavo pages, small pica type. To commence on the first of March, 1886, and be issued monthly, at \$3 per annum, in advance. Subscriptions and remittances received by PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, Telegraph office, 342 Broadway, N. Y.

J. TIFFANY.

New York, January 1, 1886.

## A Card from Dr. Dods.

Dr. Dods would respectfully say, to his numerous friends and acquaintance, who have access to this periodical, that he is so situated at present, that it is impossible for him to answer the numerous letters of inquiry addressed to him on the subject of his present views—the cause of his becoming a Spiritualist, and how he reconciles his present belief with what he has published in his book, etc. They will not attribute his silence, or any seeming neglect on his part, to any intended disrespect toward them. He can only assure them, that he is an honest and undoubting believer in Spiritual intercourse between the departed and their friends on earth.

## Another Clerical Convert.

A note from W. W. Woodruff, of Griffin, Ga., (which we intended to have noticed before) announces that Rev. A. Buckner, a Baptist clergyman of that city, has become a confirmed believer in Spiritual Manifestations, and changed some other doctrines of his former faith, for which cause he has been excluded from the Baptist church! At the time our correspondent wrote, Mr. Buckner was engaged in delivering a course of lectures on Spiritualism. We enclose our brother to his new field of labor.

## "Spirits Running Locomotives."

UNDER this head we copy an article on our fourth page, which we find floating among our exchanges. We of course assume no responsibility for the statements presented in that article, but give it for what it is worth, hoping that some one of our readers located in the quarter where the occurrences are said to have taken place, will make inquiry into the affair, and send us either a confirmation or denial of the statement.

In consequence of the approach of New Years, we are obliged to go to press one day earlier than usual, and at the time the forms are made up, we have not received the expected editorial communication from Mr. Brittan, who is absent, on his lecturing tour at the West.

## LETTER TO BISHOP WHITTINGHAM.

A PAMPHLET has been placed upon our table entitled, "George Yellott's Letter to Bishop Whittingham, comparing Modern Spiritualism with Demonism, and the power of the Episcopacy to cast out Devils." Baltimore, 1885. We have seldom seen a more vigorous defense of the claims of modern Spiritualism presented in so brief a space. We subjoin some extracts which our readers can not fail to peruse with interest. After relating his early experiences, and the circumstances which fixed upon his mind a settled skepticism in respect to the Bible and immortality, Mr. Yellott proceeds as follows:

There is a most remarkable similarity between the Spiritualism of the New Testament and that of our own age; though the former has had the worthless chaff winnowed away by others; while, as regards the latter, we have to perform the same process for ourselves. Each was of the humblest origin. Each met with derision and contempt, at first, and with the most powerful opposition as it continued to grow and gather strength. Each had to deal with the uncompromising hostility of the religious sects of the day, whose ablest coadjutors were the Sadducean philosophers, denying the immortality of the soul; while slander opened her dragon-like mouth and poured forth a torrent of filth to smother the babe as soon as it was born; and all the persecutions, which the respective ages would allow, were resorted to for the purpose of preventing the spread of a belief in the possibility of an actual "communion of saints" with men upon earth. Each appealed to miracles as evidences of its supermundane origin, and men, having eyes to see, saw not; but went blindly on their way groping through the darkness of bigotry, or foundering in the filthy slough of sensuality.

Talk of the supernaturalism of the Scriptures, but that of our own age is equally as wonderful. In the days of Daniel did a mysterious hand come forth and trace the irrevocable doom of a tyrant upon the wall? such hands have been seen by hundreds of persons at the present day; thus powerfully corroborating the testimony of the Jewish prophet, and silencing the scoffs of the skeptic and infidel. Were hungry multitudes fed by an invisible agency, and was the water on another occasion turned into wine? I am compelled to believe it. In these days food has been conveyed by Spirits, sometimes from places inaccessible to persons witnessing the phenomena, put upon the table and all the arrangements made for a comfortable meal. It is objected that such things are unworthy to be done by the spirits of the departed. What have such cavilers to urge against the angels or other agencies who became the manufacturers of a fluid intoxicating and hurtful, when used to excess? Was the human form, upheld by a supermundane influence, seen to walk upon the surface of the water? Dods, that great demolisher of all evidence in all matters, whether sacred or secular, would undertake to show you how the spectators were undoubtedly physiologized and under an illusion, but I doubt not the actuality of the occurrence. In these days, men have been in like manner sustained and made to pass and fro upon the impalpable atmosphere. Many such cases have occurred, and one not long since, in the presence of witnesses, in the most populous city in the Union. Now, if my hasty calculations are correct, the density of water is somewhat over seven thousand times greater than that of the ordinary atmosphere; a column of water, thirty-four feet in height, being equal in weight to a column of air having the same base and an altitude of about fifty miles. Consequently the miracle of walking upon the air, was over seven thousand times more wonderful than that of walking upon the water. And its authentication is superior to that of the biblical account, in a yet greater degree; for the witnesses are numerous, and now living in our midst; men and women of the highest respectability, who are ready for an attestation under oath, if necessary, and shrink not from the ordeal of the most rigorous cross-examination. The testimony of such witnesses, in an aggravated case of homicide, would hang any man in the country as high as Haman; while all the evidence which has been offered to the intellect of the age, in proof of the scriptural miracles, would be laughed at by a jurist, and rejected with contempt by any court in Christendom. And yet we can have a living faith in the revelations of the Bible, from daily witnessing the wonders around us.

Philip is said to have been wafted away from his fellow traveler, but this was said by only one witness. In this State the testimony of an Ethiopian is excluded in all cases where the interests of any of the Caucasian race are concerned. Nevertheless, I am willing to believe the statement of the blackamoor, who appears to have been a man of intelligence, for, not long ago, in our own country, a person was lifted up, in a similar manner, and carried along for several miles on his journey. If we withhold our belief from living witnesses, would it not be well to inquire whether the tongue of tradition has never uttered a lie. Paul heard a voice calling to him overhead. Such voices are now heard by hundreds of people every day of their lives. The great Apostle of the Gentiles also saw a strange light, and was struck blind by the influence. The humble writer of this paragraph has had his chamber illuminated at the dead hour of night, by such mysterious lights, but has never yet needed the aid of an occultist; probably because he has persecuted no man on account of his creed, nor used any other coercion to carry conviction, than such as is furnished by the soundness of an argument. Peter beheld in a vision an immense sheet containing all kinds of animal food, descending from the heavens; and John was operated upon, by the spirit of one of the ancient prophets, in a yet more remarkable manner. An apocalyptic transmission of truth is no uncommon occurrence, at the present day. The Apostles spoke with divers tongues, and some said that they were mad, and others that they were drunk. Such things are exceedingly common in this age, and persons subject to such influences are frequently derided and insulted in a similar manner.

Again as regards the laying on of hands: This custom is still kept up by the Church, and with a pomp and ceremony, which the humble followers of Christ, owing to their extreme poverty, could not command. But under ecclesiastical control it seems to be attended with no perceptible results. People arise from the altar and go about their business, and appear to be just what they were before. But such is by no means the case when the same ceremony is sometimes performed, in an unobtrusive manner, by a good medium. Many of these persons appear to be endowed with a portion of the power vouchsafed to the Apostles, and we frequently behold an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual effect. The lame have been made to walk; the blind to see; and persons apparently in the last stages of mortal illness have been bidden to stand erect and have walked abroad with new life and vigor infused into them by the miraculous influence. Spiritual gifts are also occasionally imparted by the imposition of hands among mediums, as was the case with the Apostles, though I am reliably informed that the high dignitaries of the Church now deign not to do any of these things nor will even consent to witness the works done by the Spirit.

In the Apostolic age, there were instances of persons controlled by a low order of ignorant beings, probably the spirits of the most imperfect types of the human race, who appeared to be nearly destitute of intelligence, and are termed "Devils" in our imperfect translations from the original Greek. These, it was desirable to get rid of, and the Apostles generally succeeded in "casting" them out. Owing to the vast progress which the world has since made in civilization, such melancholy examples of human degradation are more seldom seen; yet many men are sufficiently ignorant and vicious, and regardless of the rights of others, even now. When they leave their earthly abodes their idiosyncrasies are unaltered for a time, and they revisit their fellow men, in the form, bringing with them the same troublesome dispositions which they formerly exhibited. Over such unwelcome visitors great influence may sometimes be exerted by mediums who are in possession of proper firmness and self-command. An instance of the kind you will find recorded in the appendix to the first volume of "Spiritualism" by Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter. In that case, the unfortunate and erring being was dealt with in a spirit of kindness and forbearance, which seemed to awaken an earnest desire for reformation.

The disciples of Christ sometimes failed in attempting a miracle. Not unfrequently do such failures now occur. The human organism is the machine by means of which the invisible agents operate, and it is sometimes disarranged, and thus a medium is not always a medium. The purest and most perfect being the world ever yet beheld, when insulted and scoffed at, as the Son of the Carpenter, "Did not many mighty works there, because of their unbelief?" So it is now. The free agency of man is a law of his nature which the Spirits seek not to abrogate; and if he voluntarily closes his eyes, no invisible hand will forcibly open them. Nor does God send his angels to be brow-beaten by the willfully ignorant, and the brutal. Such will be turned over to the teachings of death, the great Apostle of Spiritualism, who fails not to effect the conversion of the skeptic and scoffer, even should he have to conduct them to a place where Calphas himself, amidst the gloomy horrors of the lower spheres, bowled out a recantation of the creed of a bigot, and through centuries of sorrow atoned for the crucifixion of Truth.

Nor did the Spiritualists of that age, blindly yield themselves to the guidance of their spiritual advisers. One of the Apostles, in a letter of advice, cautions his correspondents to "try the Spirits;" and Paul, as we find in the twenty-first chapter of The Acts, disregarded the admonitions of the Spirits (one of whom was expressly called holy) who influenced several of his intimate friends, and urged him not to go to Jerusalem—telling him the truth as was clearly proven by subsequent events. Every intelligent Spiritualist of the present day is governed by the same principles. The Spirits themselves inform us that their mission is to demonstrate beyond a doubt the immortality of man, and thus overthrow the miserable skepticism of the age. They also assert that they are capable of imparting a knowledge of many truths which the world has never yet fully comprehended, and which are all important to its progression. But they, at the same time, urge us to weigh and examine the teachings of our fellow-creatures who have gone before us to "the place of departed Spirits," and never to yield an implicit obedience by an abnegation of reason and a weak and unquestioning credulity. Is not this a significant fact? Does the devil work thus? Does his satanic majesty seek to invalidate his own authority? Is the GREAT ARCHANGEL FALLEN capable of such pitiable imbecility? . . .

Wishing to avoid all appearance of prolixity, I must, nevertheless, be allowed to advert to another significant fact, namely: the general character of those persons who are made the mediums of spiritual intercourse. The Prince of Pandemonium certainly exhibits a most unaccountable eccentricity in the selection of a vast majority of his servants. He seems to take but little pleasure in an association with the selfish and depraved; while innocent children and young females, wholly unacquainted with the wickedness of the world, and men who have been remarkable for the purity of their lives, or who, once led astray, have been snatched as brands from the burning, and told by the angel of mercy to "go and sin no more," are those toward whom he is most strongly attracted. It requires an exquisitely refined organization to become a good medium, and men and women of coarse and animal temperaments can not be controlled. Many, indeed, are mediums, who were not always immaculate; but we should recollect that Matthew was a publican, and Magdalene a sinner, and the latter lingered at the cross and was first at the sepulcher, while the former was the faithful follower of his Lord in the face of persecution, and afterward became his biographer. Let the first sinless Pharisee whom you find in the synagogue, thanking God that he is "not as other men," be sent to "the circles" to upbraid them with the unpardonable crime of repentance. The higher class of manifestations can only be obtained by purity of life and freedom from sensuality in all its phases, the reading of the inspired portions of the Scriptures, and frequent appeals, in humility of heart, to the Giver of all good; while discord and violence of temper, and vicious proclivities, and an undue affection for the things of this life have an opposite tendency. This law of the intercourse appears to be well understood even by the members of the true Church, who have been known, in some instances, to show considerable sagacity in preventing the development of mediums by leading their young and inexperienced minds to take an interest in "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world."

Mr. Yellott concludes admirable plea for the truths of the New Dispensation, by the following challenge:

If you will consent to the interposition of this power, and undertake to cast out devils, every facility shall be offered you. Announce your intention to do so, and I will put myself in communication with some of the Spiritualists of the day, and we will assemble a goodly number of those persons whom you suppose to be "possessed," in any convenient place which you may designate. You can then come into their midst and command the demons to depart, and if they obey you, what a triumph you will have achieved! The great doctrine of the Church will be put upon the broad basis of a practical demonstration; while the world will be delivered from the domination of error. But if the Episcopacy does not now meet the demand made upon its latent energies, I seriously apprehend that other denominations will scoff at the claim to the succession, and the multitude will be given up to the wide-spread and ruinous delusion which you so deeply deplore.

Your obedient humble servant, GEORGE YELLOTT.

Bel-Air, Hartford Co., Md., August 29, 1885.

## THE PRESS ON PROFESSOR HARE.

We have already put to press the Fourth Edition of Professor Hare's remarkable book, "SPIRITUALISM SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED." Not only have we this evidence of the high appreciation of this work by the public, but we have numerous favorable testimonies of the Press. We cite the following as an example:

Prof. Hare's book is a timely and an interesting publication. It is the report of a scientific man, eminent in the walks of learning and experimental philosophy, upon a subject which has excited, interested and puzzled the public mind to a greater extent than anything of a similar nature that has preceded it for at least a couple of centuries. We are glad that Prof. Hare has applied to the remarkable phenomena known as Spirit manifestations the ingenious mechanical tests which his philosophical cast of mind so readily devised, and which this book describes. The purely scientific standpoint presents a view of these very suggestive occurrences which had not previously been taken, albeit the public had a right to expect from scientific authorities some solution of the modern wonders that should be at least not more marvelous than the things attempted to be explained, and they naturally looked to such sources for light on this vexed question. But the men of science, preserved a profound silence on astounding occurrences which challenged the attention of every rational person, though they manifested their usual enthusiasm in the investigation of matters of infinitely more trivial import. They were unwilling, or unable, to inform the world of the nature or the meaning of phenomena clearly involving some of the profoundest truths of the human mind and the most interesting laws of our being, but they were capable and eager to dissect all the probabilities, even to their minutest ramifications, connected with the history of an old skeleton, an exhumed foot-print in stone, or a fossil egg. Of the few scientific authorities who had ventured to speak out in explanation of the "Spirit-Manifestations," not one had been able to add anything to the sum of popular knowledge already existing on the subject, or even to save himself from the discredit of a palpable failure and blunder in the undertaking; witness Faraday's "map-judgment" of the cause of table-moving, an opinion which that distinguished philosopher would now be glad to recall; or Dr. Bell's now exploded hypothesis, or Dr. Dods' "back brain" luminosity, or Mahan's *odyle*, that outspits the Spirits themselves! In such a juncture, the appearance in the field of such an eminent investigator as Dr. HARE was hailed with satisfaction by many, as an event likely to result in the development of something more tangible and probable than the stuff hitherto put forth to explain the cause of the manifestations. It was known that he was a man of uncommon natural ability, who had long held a distinguished position in the scientific world as Professor of Chemistry, in the Pennsylvania University, an associate of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and a member of various learned societies. When it was publicly reported that he was engaged in an investigation of this subject, the announcement occasioned a feeling of interest among the large class of community who had not been able to satisfy themselves of the true nature of these inexplicable occurrences; for it was not unreasonably expected that the known honesty, integrity and ability of Professor Hare would add something to the stock of knowledge already possessed on the subject.

Nor has this expectation been disappointed. The book, as a whole, is a valuable addition to the Spiritualistic literature of the day, and bids fair to outlive many of its contemporaries. It is in some respects a remarkable volume, containing as it does the experience of a learned and eminent man in a series of test experiments with the unknown power and intelligence manifested in the phenomena under consideration, and his final conversion to a theory which he had set out to explode. For Prof. Hare commenced his experiments a skeptic; he started with the purpose of overthrowing a delusion, and like Saul of Tarsus and numerous other examples less conspicuous and more recent, discovered before he had finished his labors that the cause against which he was striving was too strong for him; he found himself obliged to yield at discretion.

By means of his mechanical tests which are described in this volume and illustrated by engravings, Prof. Hare claims to have demonstrated the truth of a proposition which, if true, involves the deepest and greatest interests of humanity. His claim is no less than the establishment of the simple fact of a post mortem, individual existence—and under conditions admitting of inter-communication between the dwellers in that sphere of being and the inhabitants of our Earth. . . .

In consequence of the inattention of many of our correspondents to the notice republished this week at the head of our editorial department, their favors are still enclosed in the letters forwarded to Mr. B.'s individual address, and we are unable to give our usual variety of original communications.

awakened, and INNER LIFE AND SENSE appear. Distant scenes are correctly described, conversations related, and the human body examined, with all the keen scrutiny of the profoundest anatomist, and powers of mind are exhibited by the sleeper far superior to what he possessed in his normal or wakeful state, with all his external organs at his own command, now so cold and dead. By these experiments, I have known the skeptic often confounded, and finally convinced of a future life.

By why is it that the great leaders of the religious sects turn from this demonstration of man's spiritual powers, and deny its truth, without inquiry, and are found on the side of the French school of philosophers, spurning at this God-given light as a delusion; or, if pressed by facts they can not shun, attributing them to the devil? Paley and Butler were ready to prove the existence of a God, and the truth of Revelation from Nature; and the constitution of man is the former's crowning argument. Their works are part of every clergyman's library. Why, then, do we find such a host condemning this sublime subject without investigation? They readily explore all the wonders of the starry heavens, and press every astronomer into their service; they dig into the earth with the geologists, and bring its unwritten history forward to prove a creation; they seize on every discovery of the chemist, and study the nature and habits of every animal with the naturalist. But their strong-hold is in human anatomy and physiology. Here they trace the handiworks of God, and find a fit habitation for a Spirit. Why, then, are they so averse to entering this temple—why hesitate to question its immortal tenant?

Perhaps some would say, it is because the answers will not confirm, but deny their creeds, the offsprings of ignorance and superstition, born in seasons of spiritual night. But I fancy a more charitable answer can be found, though perhaps this is not altogether false. Various causes may act on different minds.

All newly-discovered truths must pass the ordeal of opposition from the prejudice and self-conceit of those who mold public opinion, and are hence unwilling, from pride, so far to admit their ignorance as to be taught new ideas by others, and the bigotry of the ignorant, to whose mental darkness any new light is at first a subject of terror. We can not forget the sufferings of Galileo, nor the burning of Priestley's house and valuable library. But truth has triumphed, and will again; for it is based on facts, and is Deity's opinion, before which all finite intelligence must bow. We may confidently, then, predict that the time will soon come when the doctrine of immortality will be demonstrated in our seminaries, and its proofs be a part of scientific education. The march of mind requires this. The rapid progress of material science, while Spiritualism has stood still, has left the latter far behind; but it is not so to remain. Man can not live content with such a gulf between the intellectual and the spiritual. His nature requires them to unite in harmony; hence the necessity of a religious system adapted to the wants of the age. It is coming, and a clearer light is dawning. New truths are before us, inviting attention. How beautiful is the field before the spiritual philosopher, and how glorious the work! It is the redemption of MAN from the chains of error and the darkness of skepticism.

## THE FIRST SNOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAMPTON REBUIOS."

It has come at last, the first snow—only a few white flakes dotted about on the coats and umbrellas of the passers-by—a few flakes that soon melt on the walks, or become drops of water in the child's hands, who thought to retain one of the little stars for his mother.

But it will come faster by-and-by, and when the curtains are drawn, and the lamps lighted in the parlor, you will scarcely hear the muffled footsteps of the few passengers who hasten along half blinded by the tempest. Then carriages rattling home at midnight will be less noisy than usual; and you will miss altogether the tread of the old watchman who was wont to pass when the bells were tolling the midnight hour. And the very clocks, too, as they call the hours, have a cold leaden sound, growing louder only as the snow is removed from the bell-hammers.

So, too, you will be awakened at morning by the dull sounds about; the indistinct cry of milkmen down the street, whom you hear stamping the snow from their feet, as they enter the houses. Then, half sleeping, you will hear other sounds, growing louder and more numerous; the ringing of shovels about the door-steps, and the rattling of coals in the rattles of the ash-gatherers. Opening your eyes, you will perceive white festoons clinging to the window-blinds, and little heaps of snow that have drifted against the chimney-stacks on the houses opposite. You will say, when you come down to breakfast, "you are sorry to see it; sorry, because it always makes such bad work in the city." But you are not the only one who is sorry; O, no; there is the old rag-picker, counting out of his bag the price of a pair of shoes; how he curses the snow that will no longer permit his bare feet upon the pavement! And there, also, is the little girl who must go out on the ice without shoes, and beg for the price of them, which will never come into the hands of a cobbler, or help to cover the half-frozen feet—she, too, is sorry. And the children shivering at the crossings, scrubbing away the mud for you to pass; and the old woman, who, as yet, has got on without fire in her garret; and the sick stranger at the hotel, whose cough is increased by the dampness—they all are sorry to see the snow—the pure snow that, like a white blanket, was last night laid by invisible hands on the cold shoulders of nature. O, yes. And the poor stranger thinks how white it is; how like the cold shroud he will soon be clothed in, and turns his thoughts far away into sunny climes, where forget-me-nots and violets are growing over green graves—his mother's and little sister's; and he looks to be propped up, that he may gaze for the last time on the dark lead-colored clouds, beyond which his soul will soon vanish.

But it is not all sadness the snow brings when it comes to the city. Put aside the great sleighs and wondrous trains of prancing horses, the thronged streets, the ringing bells; put away the moonlight on the white eaves, and the merry party who come out to enjoy it, swift gliding over the smooth avenue, and the snow-pictorial is not half finished. No; the children love it; and many a bright-faced fellow rejoices at its coming. How many are the wet mittens that smoke by the stoves and registers; and sleds that come out from store-rooms, and bells that jingle on dogs' necks, who drag about their little masters. Ah! yes; many are the glad hearts of rich men's children, who exclaim, "The first snow, the first snow!" Put on thy garments, little one; and, mother, when thou lookest out of the window on his happiness; remember, O! remember the poor man's child to whom the snow is a grievous thing.

In Gov. Clinton's last message to the Legislature of this State, given Jan. 7, 1828, occurs the following passage: "Every man has a right to form, to cherish, and to express his own opinions, and if errors of the understanding are to be the subject of reproach and hostility, there is no man, however upright and talented, who can escape denunciation and proscription."



## SPIRITUALISM AND FAITH.

The following is an extract from an article written by W. H. Rhodes, Esq., of San Francisco, California, and published in the *Golden Era* of that city. The article contains some striking and well-expressed thoughts, which will be perused with interest by the readers of the TELEGRAPH. Mr. Rhodes is a distinguished lawyer, and we see it noticed that Governor Johnson of that State, has fixed upon him as his private secretary.

The faith of the nineteenth century is free from every tinge of superstition, can neither be bought nor sold, cheated nor cajoled. It must be fairly earned and won by manly argument and unsuspected testimony. A promise of Paradise could not bribe it into acquiescence, nor a threat of hell enslave it into subservience. It stands forth like an angel, with the dew of its native heaven on its wings, clad in the white robe of its innocence, its eye resting on the over-arching skies, its feet unsolled by earthly contamination, its ear ever open to the natural melody of reason, but its pinions every ready to spread on the approach of pride, prejudice or superstition.

Hence the ill success of modern preaching. The stereotyped phrases of the pulpit of our day, its conventional routine, its bombast, its illogical reasoning, its absurd interpretation of texts of Scripture, its want of charity, its narrow range of thought, its intolerance, its bigotry, its unworthiness of Deity, all have conspired to drive men of genuine talent and catholic Christianity, from a participation in its acts of worship, and very often entirely out of the pale of the Christian Church.

Men of earnest soul, and sincere piety, will not venture within the precincts of a congregation whose head seems to take delight in representing God as a cruel, partial and revengeful demon, and heaven as an assembly of mercenary slaves and sycophants, rewarded in an exact ratio to the extent of their degradation, and the voracity of their credulity. God, they believe, is no respecter of persons, and his worship must be as all-embracing as his attributes. This great truth is preached to them in the glorious sunshine flashing over our fields, in the refreshing showers which irrigate them, and by the majestic ocean, embosoming in its ample folds the whole continental globe. They read it in the moon and stars, and all the innumerable hosts of heaven. Reason proclaims it, and they feel it throbbing in their innermost souls.

All these causes have conspired to make this century the darkest epoch of doubt which the Christian world has yet known. Not that species of skepticism, however, which characterized the French Republic, when it became fashionable to ridicule Christianity, and to guillotine its professors; and when irreligion was open, frank and manly in its opposition, and when it became a maxim of government, that "There is no God, and death is an eternal sleep." For even then there was much sincere faith in secret, however vociferous the lips might be in denouncing it openly.

The skepticism of to-day is precisely the reverse of that of the French Revolution. It is based now upon a want of evidence, or rather an utter deficiency in that kind of proof which this age demands as a necessary pre-requisite to belief. It is not the fault of individual men or nations, that such is the characteristic of the time; it is the unavoidable result of the march of intellect and the development of mind. We are what countless ages have made us. Our reason has been fashioned by the circumstances encompassing a thousand generations. We are borne upward and onward by a flood swollen by innumerable tributaries, many of them taking their rise before the Christian era, or the foundation of Rome.

If we will quarrel, it must be with that Providence which sees the end from the beginning, and superintends equally the revolution of a world, and an empire. That Providence, however, has foreseen the state of Christendom in the nineteenth century, and provided a remedy for the evil, just as it seemed to be irredeemable. We had approached that dangerous point in our physical civilization, when either science or religion had to be sacrificed. Both could not co-exist in the popular mind. The immortality of the soul, and the existence of a spiritual Supreme Being, were facts as incomprehensible as they were unprovable to the reason. The war between Reason and Revelation had become one of extermination.

At this juncture precisely, SPIRITUALISM, so long banished from the world like an orphan child, returns to it with the olive branch in its hand, and proffers to man the only clue to lead out of the labyrinth, the evidence of his own senses.

Henceforward the immortality of the human soul will admit of the same demonstration as that of the existence of the body, or of any other fact proven by experience. Patience and quiet investigation of spiritual phenomena are all that are now necessary to convince the most refractory skeptic.

Many will of course deny the reality of these phenomena, attack them with ridicule, and shower their contempt and derision upon all who believe in them. This result is inseparable from the propagation of any new truth among men. Jesus was crucified, Columbus deposed, Galileo imprisoned. But the morality of the one, and the discoveries of the others, have become the redemption of the world.

This rejection of Spiritualism should not therefore discourage its happy disciple. Let him push forward his investigation, extend the range of his proofs, constantly add converts to his ranks, and embrace every opportunity to challenge skeptics to a fair discussion and a full examination of his tests, and the day can not be far distant when doubt will be chased from the world, when the clouds that now gather around the tomb will be dissipated, and when the Bible, read by the light of Spiritualism will be intelligible in its facts, beautiful in its philosophy, reasonable in its commands.

Its sacred pages can then be read without superstition, and its dogmas command our faith, without enslaving our reason. Science and religion, so long divorced by the spirit of the age, shall then be reunited for ever, and, hand in hand, unravel the mysteries of nature, and the destiny of man.

The character of God, so long debased by the swaddle-cloth estimate of a narrow priesthood, will be redeemed from their profanations, and represented in its true light, as the perfection of eternal love.

Man himself will learn to conform more closely to the laws of his own nature, and crimes be prevented less by the punishment denounced against them on earth, than the certainty of retributive justice in a life to come.

Such must be the necessary results from a universal belief in the truths of Spiritualism, and such no doubt is its mission among men.

Let us welcome it then as an orphan long exiled from the earth, but bringing back to man assurances fresh from heaven, that God is not unkind of him, but watches over him with no less interest to-day than he did when Israel listened to the law at Sinai, and Jesus spoke his sermon on the mount.

## BOOK NOTICE.

THE CONCEPT: A Tale of the Empire. From the French of ALEXANDER DUMAS. New York: Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway. 1855.

We are happy to be able to say a good word of this new work of Alexander Dumas. So much of the French lighter literature is stained with sentiments false and injurious to the youthful mind, that it is with some hesitation that a parent or instructor selects one of these volumes for the amusement of the young people at home. And yet the French character is by nature elevated and spiritual in many of its tendencies. The grosser appetites, in their more repulsive features, belong not properly to the French as a race, being purged away by a certain inherent refinement and delicacy of taste. Their vivacity also is the result of the spontaneity of their expressions. Centuries of misdirection and artificial life have perverted many of the rich and beautiful traits of their native character. Still there is an attraction about their manners, persons and books, which every one must feel.

The volume before us is in the author's happiest manner. Not a scene or sentiment but a father might read aloud to his daughters; and the picture of rural cottage life is most sweetly and softly bodied forth in the two families who are the subjects of the tale. The hero, during his childhood and youth, is so peculiar that he is called an "Innocent," and yet so upright that he receives the name of *Conscience*. A Spiritualist will perceive that M. Dumas is describing a kind of medium. The youth has an insight into interior things that surprises both the learned and simple; yet he is more at home with animals than men. The rudest horse is tamed by his gentle presence, and his noble "Bernard" seems almost to be an intermediate link between the human and the impersonal races. Maurice is the most charming of peasant maidens, tender, truthful, and pious. Their earliest sorrow is the separation caused by the new conception of Napoleon after his return from his disastrous campaign in Russia.

The book is essentially a prose idyl, though the great events which agitated France near the close of Bonaparte's career serve as a background to the picture. The work of the translator has been fairly performed, though we observe one or two errors that indicate either haste or a want of perfect familiarity with the English idiom. Altogether, however, the volume is an exceedingly attractive one, and may safely be put into the hands of the most youthful readers.

## New-York Conference.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GRAHAM AND ELLINWOOD.

STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, December 26.

Miss Jay addressed the audience. We report the following extracts from her speech:

It is my intention at the present time, to call your attention to the value of reproof, and the danger of undue praise. I shall endeavor to institute a comparison between the two, and show how much stronger, at the present period of the world, is the false glitter of the latter, than the purer light of the former, upon which are based all interior unfoldings. You may deem it strange that Spirits of other spheres should come to you at this time, to speak relative to a subject of this character; but nevertheless we behold the wants of the people at this particular period, and their demands require us to be plain.

Reproof! What is it? Does not the world at every point demand reproof? Is it not necessary in your private circles, in your politics, in your religion? Even Christianity at the present day must appear decorated with crimson and gold, or she can not be respected or admitted into your best society; and politics, and the laws upon which your country's interests are founded, must appear smooth and glossy on the surface, though the burning lava within, which threatens destruction, be almost ready to burst forth. This, indeed, is a period which demands reproof, and I ask each individual now before me, to aid me in the investigation of his own peculiar condition, and also to aid me in tracing out the manner in which healthful reproof may be administered, not only to his own Spirit, but to his brother man.

The Spirit of the great I Am is ever administering reproof. He is pointing the erring child of earth to the great field of nature, and bidding him join with nature and her ten thousand voices, in hymning anthems of reasonable praise. Even Spiritualists, at this time, have arrived at a point where they also require reproof. Do not think that I come to reprove you personally, or to speak of your personal faults. I come to point you to the character of every pure and holy man or woman who has lived upon the earth, for their lives are to you reproof.

If occasion demanded it, Jesus feared not to say even to those he loved, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He could use the plainest possible speech, yet his life, from day to day, was an eternal sermon of reproof. From the beginning to the end he set forth in his precepts and his divine example, constant reproof to the impure in heart. But, my beloved friends, reproof that cometh from the lips avaleth nothing. If man would administer healthful reproof, he must so regulate his own life, that every respiration is pregnant with a perfumed atmosphere. To reprove yourselves is the only means by which the world can be redeemed.

Time is to us at an end. We know neither time nor space; and even from the beginning of our existence until the present, and in the illimitable future, we gaze upon one series of sentiments of reproof that God hath scattered on the wayside like fair flowers, whose fragrance would strengthen, and whose influence would purify us, if we would but yield to them. The man who passes hastily along and neglects the wayside flower cannot appreciate its delicate mechanism as readily and truthfully as he who stops to pluck it and examine it, though in doing so he destroy for all future time, the beauty it possessed when first plucked. After dissecting and examining that beautiful flower, it is far more perfectly mirrored in his Spirit, than it would be possible for it to be, if kept before him until Time's fingers should tear it in pieces. The inquiring man plucks it, tears it in places, and investigates its peculiar properties and qualities. The peculiar beauty of its organization is reflected in indelible characters in his Spirit, and within him is born an undying, ever-fragrant flower. Such are the flowers of reproof that are ever scattered on the wayside of man's existence—whether in time or eternally.

I am well aware that it is the custom among the children of earth to administer praise rather than reproof. Flattery seems to be the great instrument by which all classes of men expect to obtain the respect of their fellows; but is it not clear that this course is not healthful for the Spirit? If men were never reproofed, they would continue to go on in their sins. For instance, on the one hand, we may have a child who has been petted and praised, because precious—because it appeared to possess some knowledge and brilliancy beyond its years; and on the other hand a simple, modest, retiring flower, that receives all reproof and no praise. You see, perhaps, the one who has been thus neglected become peevish and fretful, while the other becoming arrogant, vain and foolish, is content with itself, never deeming it necessary to sacrifice one desire of its life for the happiness of parents, brothers, sisters or friends. Can such a course pursued toward a child develop from its spiritual being those beautiful buds of strength, purity and loveliness that are so attractive to all beholders? I tell you nay. Though the flower that is crushed may for a time send forth the sweetest fragrance in a child thus neglected, you see the souring of those beautiful principles of life that were designed to make it lovely and attractive. Either extreme will readily be perceived by you to be injurious. On the one hand praise is perniciously bestowed, and on the other hand reproof is as unwisely administered. Seek to be true in your connection with your children and your friends, as you would be true in your relation to your God.

Praise is comely, but it must savor of righteousness. He whose life is true to the Spirit—true to the dictates of that divine voice within, calculated to lead him in the path of virtue—hath no need of flattery. He knoweth the rock upon which he stands—the foundation upon which his house is built—and he hath no need to put on the colored glasses of his neighbor—though they be richly gilded—to behold the magnificence of that structure shaped by the divine hand, and each stone of which is squared by the great rule of truth, and cemented by divine love. Then will you look into your own hearts, and ask yourselves whether you are to-day living in accordance with the divine commands of God, or whether you are living in open violation of those commands.

Truth is what every child of God should search for without prejudice; and the heart that is truly humbled—the Spirit in which hath been sown the seeds of redemption—will bring forth its fruit. Then let me point you to the Spirit of the past, the Spirit of the present, and the Spirit of the future. In each of these you may glean some wholesome lesson of reproof, which, if it settle properly into your Spirit, will aid you in taking one step toward redemption. Christ came not upon earth to redeem man from his sufferings, but he came to portray to you, through his life and his obedience, the will of the Father, and to show you the path in which you should walk, that you may be one with God, even as he was one with him.

A GENTLEMAN said he knew it was difficult for many minds to be satisfied with manifestations which occur in the dark. He was in that position himself, until he had witnessed, in the light, as remarkable manifestations as were said to occur in the dark. On one occasion he was at a circle, where were clergymen, lawyers, editors, etc. All of the individuals present were sent out of the room except himself, the medium, and three others. The room was lit by seven gas burners. They sat around an extension-table fourteen feet long, and weighing some two hundred and eighty pounds. The table tipped toward the medium, whom the speaker then accused of trickery, when the medium was picked up and carried to the backside of the room. Then the table went over against the speaker, and forced him to the backside of the room also, and afterwards performed many other extraordinary feats. A clergyman was then called in, and asked to lift the table, which he said he could do with his little finger. He had no difficulty in raising it the first time he attempted it, but when he made the trial again, he could not raise it an inch.

A Spirit promised the speaker that it would make itself visible to him, for which event he watched three weeks, and then gave it up, thinking he had been humbugged. A few nights afterwards, however, a hand was placed on his forehead, which awoke him. This was repeated several times. He arose and opened the window, when the room was light enough to plainly distinguished the objects in it. After looking out of the window, and walking about the room for some time, he sat down upon the side of the bed, when he distinctly saw his little Spirit boy standing before him in the moonlight. He said nothing of the circumstance till after he attended a circle, at which the following communication was addressed to him: "Father, I was at your room the night before last. I woke you up by putting my hand on your forehead. You got up and looked out of the window, and it was me you saw standing in the moonlight.—Ebor."

On another occasion, while sitting leaning against the wall at home, and when his little girls were playing about him, he saw, as plainly as he could see, an individual clothed in the human form—the little boy above alluded to, as he stood leaning against the table. This took place in the light.

Mr. PARTRIDGE gave an account of spiritual manifestations which occurred at his house on Monday evening, December 24, which will be found on the first page of this week's issue over his own signature. He said he was glad to have such an opportunity to present these

wonderful manifestations of Spirits to clergymen and others laboring to convince mankind of the same great truths, from the stand point of history, which these living phenomena demonstrate. It is apparent, he said, to everybody, that the vitality and power of the Gospel is lost in the lapse of time, and the absence of a living verification. This is the common lament put forth in the reports of all denominations of Christians; and it seemed that God and Spirits bore testimony to this fact, by now repeating, and before our eyes, all or nearly all, the spiritual manifestations recorded in the Bible and other histories. He believed if the clergy would give heed to the living demonstrations of an immortal existence, and frankly speak to their people of "That which is known, and testify to that which is seen," they would then preach with the efficacy of the ancient apostles, when "they spoke with demonstration of the Spirit and with powers. The world, he said, would be redeemed from materialism, if at all, by a living inspiration; and he thought the sooner dead forms were buried, the better, so that we might lay hold of living realities.

A GENTLEMAN said that he had been present at light circles held in the rooms of the Davenport Family in Buffalo, when instruments, trumpets, etc., were, by an invisible agency, taken from under a table and placed upon it, and when Spirit-hands of different colors were distinctly seen by him. Some of these manifestations took place while he and a friend of his and the two mediums were alone in the room, and at the same time that he and that friend held all the hands and feet of the two mediums.

Mr. COLES stated, that a few days previous, he was present at a light circle in Troy, at which these same mediums were present, when a guitar was lifted four or five feet above the table, and other similar manifestations took place. He also stated that at the circles of the Davenport Family, held at 155 Boverly, a dulcimer had recently been carried by the Spirits through the air with great rapidity, and that at every succeeding circle, the manifestations seemed to be more interesting than at the preceding ones.

## DR. FRANKLIN'S THEOLOGY.

A FRIEND has forwarded us a copy of the following letter from Benjamin Franklin, with a request that we should transfer it to our columns. No one can fail to observe the contrast between its practical tone and the rapid formalism of much of the current theology:

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1753.

Dear Sir—I received your kind letter of the 23 inst., and am glad to hear that you increase in strength. I hope you will continue mending until you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has. As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more serious service to you; but if it had, the only thanks I should desire are that you would always be ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance; and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall never have an opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefitted by our services. These kindnesses from man, I can, therefore, only return to their fellow men; and I can only show gratitude to God by a readiness to help his other children, and my brethren, for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less to our Creator. You will see my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting heaven by them. By heaven, we understand a state of happiness infinite in degree, and endless in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed, imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more so the happiness of heaven? For my own part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it; but content myself in submitting to the disposal of that God, who made and who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose Fatherly goodness I may well confide; that he will never make me miserable, and the afflictions I may at any time suffer, may tend to my benefit. The faith you mention has, doubtless, its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavor to lessen it in any man; but I wish it were more productive of good works than it has generally seen. I mean real good works; works of kindness, charity, mercy and public spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon reading, or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty; the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful; but, if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

Your great Master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doors of the word to the mere letters; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan; to the upbraided though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall in the last day be accepted; when those who cry Lord! Lord! who value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came, not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance; which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time so good that they need not hear even him for improvement; but, nowadays, we have scarce a little person that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations, and that whoever omits them offends God.

## MY HOME.

By MRS. E. HEDDON.

O, I HAVE wandered earth around  
On fancy's airy plume;  
And sought to find some spot of ground  
Where I might find a home!  
Beside the city's gilded dome  
I chose a mansion fair;  
And thought, "Here will I fix my home;  
But something said, 'Not there.'"

I found a lovely rural cot  
Beside a crystal stream,  
And there, 'mid nature's smiles, I thought  
To pass life's transient dream.  
Yes, here at last my heart shall rest,  
And breathe its evening prayer;  
This will be home, I shall be blest,  
But something said, 'Not there.'"

Where, then, my weary spirit cried;  
Is't on some farly isle—  
Away, where southern oceans glide  
'Neath summer's changeless smile?  
Where nature wears her fadeless green  
And skies are pure and fair,  
Is there a home of rest serene?  
A whisper came, "Not there."

"There is no home on earth for thee,  
No rest in this dark sphere;  
Thou art journeying to eternity,  
Build not thy mansion here;  
For earth, with all its gems and flows  
Its bending azure skies,  
In prison holds the spirits' powers,  
Which struggle still to rise.

Away beyond each shining star,  
In climes by angels trod,  
There is a land more radiant far,  
Bright with the smiles of God.  
And there are those who wait these there  
And softly whisper, 'Come!'  
And bid thee hasten to prepare  
For heaven, thy only home."

What a mistaken notion it is, and yet how common, for people to say that God punishes us for our sins; whereas it is we who punish ourselves by our mortal stupidity! We are beginning to see through this fog, however—the falsities of bygone days—we will, in due time, place the whip in our own hands, because it of right belongs, and we will then learn to look upon the great Creator only as a God of tenderness and love. A Terrible God is one of man's own creating.—Cincinnati Times.

## Original Communications.

## DOGGEREL RHYMES.

ADDRESSED TO DOGMATIZERS.

BY A. W. FENNO.

He who would progress must wipe from his mind the dust of the past. The black-coated gentry are good conductors on the slow car of Superstition, but on the lightning express train of Science, they are generally behind time, or have taken the back track.

Time has past to seek for light

In dogmas dark, though called divine;  
'Tis time to burst the bands of night,  
And in man's temple, (1) ever bright,  
Erect an holier shrine.

Of infant skulls no longer now  
White neck-cloth maniacs rave;  
Young mother, clear thy clouded brow,  
Your little one is safe, I vow;  
There is no hell to pave. (2)

In former times, I've often heard  
Our parson tell of innate sin,  
'Till the fountains of my heart were stirred;  
Yet, spite of reverence, I've inferred  
He felt its truth within.

He'll tell us of Christ's sweat and groan  
Upon the accursed tree—  
Certain, 'twas kind—yet must I own,  
That each man should his sins alone,  
Seemed far more just to me. (3)

The tale of the *body's* resurrection, then,  
I did not need a true one;  
For as our Father made all men,  
Why use the wasted form again,  
When he could make a new one? (4)

With groaning tongue, and eyes uprolled,  
He'd tell in tones of gravity,  
The sheep have wandered from the fold;  
That man is to the devil sold—  
A vile mass of depravity. (5)

An infant greets life's early dawn  
That mother's joy what pen can tell;  
Poor foolish mother, thou should'st mourn,  
For God decreed, ere it was born,  
Your little one should write in hell. (6)

With masses, take the masses in,  
No prayers get till cash is paid,  
Think not repentance can God's favor win.  
Oh, no—he keeps an account with sin,  
His grace is but a thing of trade. (7)

Indulgence you can have who seek,  
Whether sinner young, or hoary;  
Protect the vile, but crush the weak,  
And strangle those who dare to speak;  
This is that Church's glory. (8)

I do not think I now need dwell  
On the beauties of Confession;  
If priests confessed, how it would swell  
The list of crimes; this verse is "Spirituelle,"  
I have it by "impression." (9)

To the rankest weed, of that rank soil,  
The name of Sacrament is given;  
Though round the victim hell may broil,  
With Latin prayers, and olive oil,  
They slip him into heaven. (10)

Why should a man a D.D. fee?  
A self-appointed preacher;  
All nature is a temple free,  
Man's conscience should his true church be;  
With grateful heart, then bow the knee  
To God, the only teacher.

(1) The soul.  
(2) A reverend lunatic, by the name of Finny, a scaly fellow, rather an odd fish, with a very small development of philoprogenitiveness, put forth from "Drummond's Corner," Park-street church, Boston, the amiable assertion that "Hell was paved with infants' skulls." Much to the edification of the parents of his congregation.  
(3) I never could reconcile the "Atonement," so called, with my sense of justice. The death of Christ always seemed to me to be the natural result of a tyrannical priesthood, jealous of the influence of one who taught a higher, purer, and more spiritual doctrine than their own. Abuse, slander, outrage, chains, imprisonment and death have in all ages been the lot of those whose souls, illumined by an influx from the Highest, have striven to render wiser, better and happier their fellow men. But let us hope that in our favored land at least, man's voice may be freely raised, not for the rack, the thumb-screw or the martyr's fire. Yet in addressing dogmatizers, let me be humble, and say with Alexander Pope (the best of poets and of popes),

"If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart  
To find the better way."

(4) We think Paul answers the doctrine "of a literal resurrection" to the point: "It is soon a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."—Corinthians, chap. xv., ver. 44.  
(5) A God of love creating a man naturally depraved is an absurdity.  
(6) Infant damnation is the greatest insult to decency and common sense that creed-makers ever advanced.

Enrich the church's harvest field  
With offering large of Peter's pence,  
But never to priest or parson yield  
The tribute of your common sense.

(7) Praying souls out of Purgatory is one of the best investments of the church; almost equal to brother Hughes' consecrated graveyards.

(8) The sale of indulgences to sin by the Scarlet Lady, is so notorious, that an allusion to it is sufficient, without quoting authorities. It is also an historical fact, that the greatest crimes (of upstartdom of course, the devil may take poor rogues) have been the "pots" of the "Holy Mother Church."—See *Life of Borgias*, Cinis, etc., etc.

(9) The detectable beauties of the Confessional can be learned from a little book of instructions to young priests, in Latin and English. I lent mine to a friend, who was, as Charles Lamb says, "a very poor accountant, but an excellent book-keeper."

(10) That a man in his last moments, when he would commune with God and his own soul, should be annoyed with olive oil mummeries, seems to me disgusting. Chances *à son goût*. See Kirwan's able and unanswerable letters to Brother Hughes, on this and other subjects.

(11) Let my readers think I am not of the class that would tear down and not build up, I assure them there is not a church in the land that I would not gladly see a school house; and when I listen to the Chaplains and Bishops of our times, I regret their large souls should move in creel-circles, however widely expanded; and knowing how much good they are now doing in the church, I can readily conceive how much more they might do out of it. When will a priest-readers people learn that a crew is more a more pious bird than others, because he dresses in black, and cures from a steep.

## QUESTIONS TO "AMHERST."

MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—In No. 26 of the present volume of the TELEGRAPH, there is an article headed "A Word to Mediums," signed by "Amherst," which interested me considerably; but there were some points in it not so definite as I would like; I wish, therefore, to ask him some questions through your paper, as it is the only direct way I can reach him.

"Amherst" says, "At some circles the manifestations assume the most grotesque character, and so far as any one has been able to discover, without a rational use," and he then asks, how much of this may be attributed to imagination? This is the point I am anxious to know. I want to know the standard by which we are to judge what is spiritual and what is imagination. If the lower order of these manifestations, because we can not see their utility, be attributed to the imagination, why not the higher? as different minds run in different directions in their imaginings. I wish to know the line of distinction where one ends and the other begins. This mediumship is a curious affair. I seek all the light possible on the subject. "Amherst" says, "Ream after ream of paper has been covered with curious hieroglyphics that are perfectly useless to either the medium or circles." I would ask, how do you know this? The Spirits say "It is for discipline;" you say "It is useless;" who knows best?

Does not every science have its elementary principles to be learned as rudiments, before their application? A very little can be told by a student while studying the elements of any science, as to what their application is to be. The elements of the vocal sounds that compose our language, of themselves, apart from their application, seem to have no meaning; but when we learn their application we see their beauty, and the use for which they were designed. May it not be so with these spiritual exercises? I do not know that we have a right to judge of a man's work until it is finished, especially when we know as little of it as we do of Spiritualism.

I do not ask the above questions for controversy, but to have more light thrown upon these points which the article in question approached. I have been exercised as a medium in a peculiar manner. I can not see its propriety unless it be for exercise, as the (supposed) Spirits say. If it be not a Spirit but imagination, I want a rule to detect it. I think there are many others who would like the same information.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., December 14, 1855. G. M. SLATTYON.

## THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

BISHOP HOPKINS, of Vermont, of the highly conservative Episcopal Church of that State, lately delivered two lectures before the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, upon the subject of Modern Spiritualism, in which the Bishop occupied nearly the same platform that the Rev. Charles Beecher did—in substance "That it was preposterous and unphilosophical to attribute the phenomena to any other agency than a spiritual"—but ascribing them to the Spirits of devils "damned to all eternity."

It is not my purpose to review those lectures, as Judge Edmonds has better done it than I could, but there was one part which does not appear in the "abstract," which the Judge alone saw, but which struck me at the time I heard them delivered.

The Bishop stated "that this doctrine admitted the existence of evil," but does not tell us how it came into the world; and thence drew a contrast unfavorable to Orthodoxy in that respect.

Now, as many of our Christian friends are strongly exercised to know "what real practical utility there is in Spiritualism, if it be even true," I might retort by asking them, Of what utility is it to inquire how evil came into the world, when one-half of the labor performed to answer that question would, if used in the right direction, help to get some of it out? But theology will repay that, since, according to our cardinal idea, sin came by the fall, and hence all men are subject to it, and, being the will of God, it can not be removed; hence there is no use in trying. But, nevertheless, they do try by preaching and praying, to remove the effect of the original iniquity.

But the Bishop, like many others, was led into error in believing that Spiritualism admits the existence of positive evil at all in the world, and had he understood the only cardinal doctrine of the issue that has as yet been recognized, viz., Progression, his doubts and fears had been removed.

We admit the existence of apparent evil, but contend that it is only incidental in the great progress of the race toward perfection; and this I propose to illustrate in nature, and prove by mathematics.

It is well known that the crab apple is the only one found to grow naturally or spontaneously in the soil, and that from that crab has been developed, by successive stages, the *Newton pippin*, which we all admire; therefore, we can not call the crab evil, because it is small and sour, but the result proves that the crab apple has all the elements within it, which, when progressed produces the pippin. This is our illustration from nature.

In mathematics it is a known fact that "two parallel lines never meet," and that no truths are, or can be made to contradict each other. Hence the apparent evil in man is like the crab. We now have like pippins among men and women; and all like crabs may be, and will be developed or progressed up to the likeness of pippins.

There can be no mistake about this. This is abstract truth, if there is any such, and I defy the world to show its falsity.

A. M. LITENBERGER.



